

TIMES

SOCIETY CHRONICLES AND DAILY  
SANDMAN STORY FOR THE CHILDREN

HOME

JULIA MURDOCK WRITES OF THE  
STAGELAND AND ITS BRIGHT STARS

PAGES

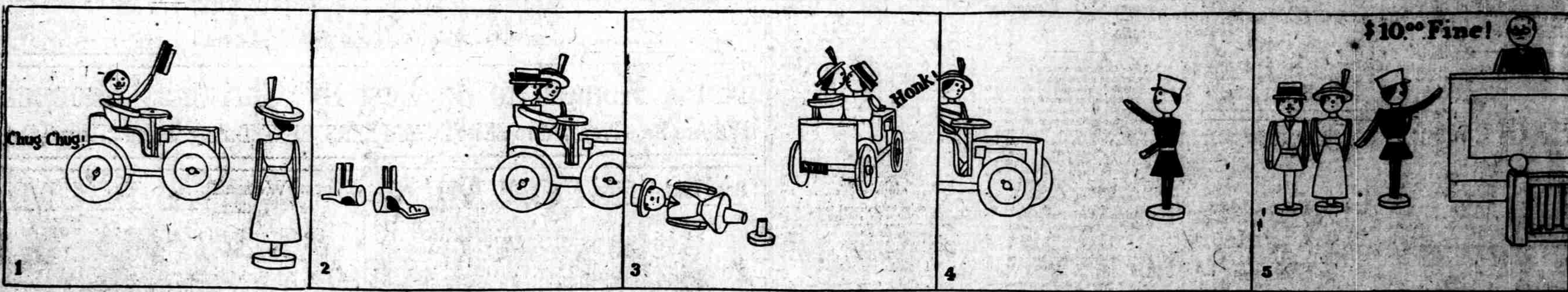
## TOYLAND

## The Gay Joy Riders

## Watch the Series

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By Myrtle Held

President Host at First  
State Dinner of Season

THE dinner given by the President and Mrs. Wilson Thursday night was the first state entertainment given under the present Administration, and will be the last state function for several weeks, as the diplomatic reception and dinner, the reception and dinner in honor of the Supreme Court and other of the series of state entertainments will be postponed on account of the illness of the President.

The dinner last night was in honor of the Cabinet, and the table in the state dining room was decorated with Ward and Enchanted carnations and maiden-hair ferns. Instead of the program always given by the Marine Band, a specially arranged musical program was given, in which Miss Wilson took part. The guests were:

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, The Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan, The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McAdoo, The Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison, The Attorney General, The Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson, The Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels, The Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane, The Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Houston, The Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Woodfield, The Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Wilson.

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For the Children  
Just at Bedtime

Mary Ann's Christmas Tree—Part 2.

“THERE, now, see that you can keep quiet,” said Mary Ann, “and we will soon be at the Christmas tree, but if you cry again we will have to go home.”

Mary Ann found the house where she had been that afternoon, and telling the children to be very quiet, she cautiously opened the gate.

“You stand still till I come for you,” she told the children, leaving them at the gate.

Mary Ann went into the yard and took the stepladder she had seen that afternoon from the corner of the yard and placed it under the window where the tree stood.

“Come along,” she whispered to Maggie. Then she took Johnnie in her arms and climbed up the ladder, placing Johnnie on the top step.

Holding on to Johnnie with one hand, she helped Maggie up beside him, and with an arm around each she stood on the step below and poked her head between their heads.

“You mustn’t speak,” she whispered. “On the tree were hung books and dolls of candy, oranges, popcorn, and shiny cords of rope, and little candles twinkled on every limb of the tree.”

In a few minutes a little girl and boy came into the room and danced around the tree clapping their hands with delight.

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In a few minutes a little girl and boy came into the room and danced around the tree clapping their hands with delight.

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Some Wise Sayings of  
Mrs. Solomon

“THERE, my daughter, there are three things which I cannot abide; yes, four, which are an affliction unto me: A man that kisseth a damsel with his hat on. A man that kisseth a woman at the first opportunity. And a man that will kiss and TELL.”

Behold, the Land of America is filled with firts in gentlemen's clothing; yet ye shall not find among them a single one who beareth of his kinslaga. But out of PARIS hath come a tritor and a babler, who cryeth: “A bas the American Girls! For they are all accomplished ‘kissers,’ who spend their days in the gentle art of osculation.”

Behold, I have kissed them ALL! “And the kisses of a Bryn Mawr damsel are not as the kisses of a Vassar girl; nor the kisses of a Mt. Holyoke maiden as the kisses of a Harvard co-ed.”

How modest is he, oh my Daughter, How exceeding MODEST! Yet, verily, verily, I, too, have walked in the paths of Filtration, and listened to the Sentimental Experimenters.

And I say unto thee, there be fifty-seven varieties of MASCULINE KISSES; and by a man's first kiss shall ye know him. Lo, the saccharine kiss of the Frenchman is not as the ardent kiss of the Briton; nor the violent kiss of Germany as the casual kiss of America.

Neither is the mint-scented kiss of the Southerner as the clove-scented kiss of the New Yorker; nor the ice-bound kiss of Boston as the sophisticated kiss of Philadelphia.

But the KISS of kisses is a Westerner's! For in it are commingled tenderness and chivalry and ardor and the charm of INEXPERIENCE.

My Daughter, there is the kiss that sootheeth and the kiss that thrillleth, the kiss that flattereth, and the kiss that is a pastime. And in all the days of thy life no Two men shall kiss thee alike.

For one man shall regard thy kisses as a boon and another shall regard them as an amusement. One man shall consider them a privilege, and another shall consider them a duty.

One man shall kiss thee with rapture and reverence; another shall kiss thee for “politeness,” and another for curiosity. One man shall kiss thee, first, upon the hand; for this is the method of fine arts and philanthropists.

Another shall kiss thee, first, upon the lips; for this is the method of bunglers. But another shall kiss thee, first, upon the forehead, and then upon the eyelids, and THEN upon the lips; and this is the method of the True Artist.

And he that kisseth a woman as though he had never kissed before and never should kiss again shall be exalted in her eyes. For in the fine art of kissing he is an Old Master. NONE can resist him.

Verily, verily, NO man shall ever understand why damsels wax wroth at his tenderness, nor why they seem pleased when he kisseth them. Yet, it is all in the WAY of his kissing. See, and learn.

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Virtue of Race Depends  
on Knowledge

By LADY COOK  
(TENNESSEE CLAFIN.)  
(Written For The Washington Times.)

PARENTS may be assured that, been feared merely, fought down, and suppressed. No arguments can be sensibly made against full and complete instructions for young people about to be married. When one enters into a business as an employee or a partner, he first makes a study of that business. And yet how few are the young couples who are going into a life partnership in the business of life and souls, who know the details of the “business.”

It is either that their parents do not realize what this ignorance may cost, or that the parents are too proud—to repeat with that false, mock modesty, which is nothing short of criminal. By all means, the couple should be taught the use and regulation of the functions of the body, and the instruction should be as complete and full as the instruction accorded the student who is to become a nurse, or a doctor, a clerk, or a lawyer.

If all parents followed this method, it would do more to stamp out evils among children of tender years, and the opportunities for older children taking advantage of younger ones than any other one thing. Let a child be mystified and it will be curious. Adopt an attitude of mystery and refusal to explain, and the child will gain from other children as ignorant of the truth as himself, the knowledge which the parent strongly withholds. Ignorance of eugenic truths, I am happy to say, does not always result in loss of virtue. In fact, it is an astounding fact that there is as much virtue in the world as there is, considering the eugenic ignorance of the majority of the children and youths. But bringing a child up to maturity without loss of virtue is not a parent's duty. The parent who is to be blameless if the son or daughter, after marriage, makes the mistakes so frequent in the life of the young married couple—mistakes that are due solely to ignorance of the most important matters—must first of all instruct the child in so much misery and so many broken marriages.

The human race has been found to be terrible forces, like steam or fire, and instead of studying them in order to regulate them in accordance with their own true laws and their adaptation to the world's well-being, they have been used to create evils.

“The Child Detective,” A Real Thriller in 3 reels. Today, Virginia Theater.

House Wiring and Wiring Supplies. Electric Webster, 711 9th.

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Helpful Hints  
For Busy Mothers

THROUGHOUT the holiday week children's activities reign supreme, and the busy mother is now searching for novelties and suggestions along these lines.

The snowball, plum pudding or Santa Claus, which usually adorn the center of the table are familiar gift receptacles, but a gypsy kettle is newer and makes up of red and white crepe paper, suggestive of the Christmas candy ornaments is appropriate.

The little artificial Christmas trees make suitable centerpieces. Those that come in sections are convenient, as they can be packed in a small box and do service from year to year. The branches are readily adjusted into the center rod, and when set up you have a tree twenty-seven inches high, and as it is fireproof you can have midget candles added to its beauty.

The lunch sets of crepe paper that are nice for the children's party are 25 cents. They consist of a white cloth bordered with clusters of holly separated by a triple row of red ribbon and a dozen each of napkins, doilies, and plates decorated with holly.

The caps of holly crepe paper with the floral garlands make pretty favors and are 25 cents, if purchased ready-made.

Wands of paper glistening with tinsel are appropriate favors for Christmas parties and are 25 cents.

Toys are acceptable gifts for children's parties. There are telephones at 25 cents, and at the same price can be had aeroplanes that will ascend 60 feet.

A set of ninepennies decorated with a burnt floral design, brightly colored, is 25 cents. A pair of dolls' clothes is 25 cents. There are games galore; a new button game is interesting and costs 50 cents. A box of colored balls or squares that can be grouped in all sorts of designs will while away many a tedious hour for the restless child. These can be had as low as 25 cents.

As soon think that the jolly old gentleman with the red coat and the white whiskers would desert the Washington kiddies as to believe that the annual week of frenzied gift giving should pass without seeing Mr. Drew “in our midst.”

For many years this popular actor has been regarded as the American equivalent of a fashionable actor-knight, a man of absolute, realistic perfection and of manner irreproachable, a sort of pattern of everything that is perfect, grooved into perfect comedy. But he has been a perfect gentleman, a perfect gentleman, a perfect gentleman.

One day, when he had done a really brilliant piece of work, he said to Mammy: “I think you ought to call me Mr. Charles hereafter.”

The old darkey snorted her indignation. “Who—me?” she asked. “I ain't never gwine call you Mister. You ain't no better now'n you was. You ain't no better now'n you was. You ain't no better now'n you was.”

“I'm not a baby any longer, and I think you ought to call me Mr. Charles hereafter.”

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John Drew Is Christmas  
Present to Washington

WASHINGTON adheres to one annual custom that has not failed in many years. In this Capital of the Nation, Christmas and John Drew come together this year according to an unailing habit that had its origin back in the old days—say ten or twenty years ago.

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